

Hell on Wings

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Summary: When America is possessed by a demon and then kidnapped by the School, what will the countries do? Hunters, nations and mutants will have to work together to save America and the world. But nobody said it was going to be easy... Will contain: OCs and MaxRide

1. Prologue

Alfred started his day like any other day. He woke up, took a quick shower and went to get his daily dose of Mc Donald's. He quickly finished packing for the upcoming World Meeting in 3 days and left the house.

It was winter, the middle of January, so the streets were completely white because of the snow that had fallen the day before. Alfred tucked up trying to protect himself of the freezing cold wind that blew across his face. People walked past him with their heads lowered with hats and balaclavas, making it impossible to recognize their faces.

He finally got to the snack bar, but it was strangely empty. Nobody could be found there, even though it was Peak Time. Just a small figure stood behind the counter. Alfred shrugged, and went to place his order, even though something bugged him.

"Hello, may I take your order?" A blonde lady asked, smiling warmly at him.

"Uh, yes, four cheeseburgers and a large coke please." Alfred asked. Okay there was definitely something strange. First there was no one there except for him, the cashier and for two men in jackets that had just entered.

"Would you like to have five cheeseburgers for a soul?" The lady asked innocently.

"Yeah- Wait, what?" America replied alarmed.

"Perfect." The lady blinked and her eyes were consumed by red. She lurched forward and kissed the man, making him push her away.

"What was that?!" America yelled.

"Nothing muchâ€¦" She answered. "Just a little change." The blonde lady opened her mouth as a red smoke got out and filled the air. Alfred prepared to run, but as he was taking the first step, it started to chase him. A great pressure filled Alfred's body, making him feel like he was going to be crushed. The last thing he saw before he blacked out was the two tall men in black jackets walking towards him and phoning somebody.

The United States had never suffered so many natural disasters in 3 days.

2. Captured

3 days later...

~ Country POV ~

"Ugh..." Macedonia groaned, blinking a few times before looking at her surroundings. '_Where am I?_', she thought worried, not recognizing the place she was currently in. Her vision was still a bit blurry and she could feel a sharp pain in the back of her head. Macedonia remembered leaving her house with Kosovo, her little brother, on the way to the airport to the World Conference, when two big men knocked her out. Now she woke up to find herself in a prison-like lab that smelled like chemicals and disinfectant.

She looked around, noticing the cages scattered around the floor, full of... animals? No, no, that couldn't be. There were humans too, and beings that were a mix of that. Octopuses with wings and a monkey tail; children with scales and even some other fish attributes, like gills and fins, and many more mutants were there to be found.

However, her eyes rested on a specific group of children. They were six in total and were probably the most normal of all the people she had seen yet. Three girls and three boys. The oldest had dark blonde messy hair and her clothes were completely torn. The boy next to her had dark brown hair and seemed to be taller than the blonde girl. He was staring at the wall intently with a grim look on his face.

'_Heh, he reminds me of Montenegro._' She smiled unconsciously. Carrying on...

In the next cage were two boys. One of them was apparently blind and had a light blonde hair, just as the kid beside him. He had a pale skin tone, he was slim and tall. The other one was way younger than his cellmate and was a little bit chubbier.

'_The only difference is the color of the eye. Slovenia..._' another thought occupied Macedonia's mind. '_Quit remembering!_', she shook her head.

The last two girls were talking endlessly. Well, the brunette one was, while the little blonde girl just kept listening as the other one spoke.

'_That would summarize a dialogue between Poland and Liechtenstein._'
Macedonia snorted, thinking of one impossible thing. It was actually pretty funny.

The six kids quickly turned their heads to see the new prisoner. Said person was way occupied thinking about stupid things and reminiscing to even pay attention to the cautious looks and the whispering she was attracting.

~ Flock POV ~

"So they decided to kidnap adults too, huh?" Fang commented, sneering at the absent white-coats and glancing at the distracted woman in the cage in front of them. She wore a white military uniform, with black details on the sides, also a black and dark blue cap that was a bit creased, and her clothes were equally crumpled. Her brunette hair was tied in a low ponytail, going over her shoulder.

"Hm... She seems to be from the military." Nudge pointed out. "That is a good thing, isn't it? I mean, she could do something since she must have been trained for this kind of stuff."

Max glanced at the woman in the cage. She looked like she had 18 years old, maybe 19. "I don't think so. If she is here, then she must have some kind of weird ability." Max reasoned.

"Should we call her?" Iggy raised an eyebrow and looked to the flock's leader. Max analyzed her choices carefully; they could either ask the lady for help and/or useful information, or wait for the scientists to come and take them away. She chose the first one.

Max gathered all her willpower and bravery to start a conversation.
"Uh... Hello?"

~ Country POV ~

Macedonia had zoned out since she had started thinking about her brothers, friends and several other things. She snapped her head up and jumped back, touching her right side instinctively looking for the AK-47 she always carried around. "Dammit, they took my gun." Annika grumbled.

"Hey, you." A voice called. "Are you okay...?" The little blonde girl was curiously looking at her.

For a split second, Annika had a surprised look on her face, but her usual cheerful smile quickly returned. "It could be better", she admitted while looking to her cage. The flock just stared doubtfully at the nation. She actually looked pretty chill, as if the fact of being locked up in a small dog crate didn't bother her at all. "So, what are your names?"

The blonde girl warily introduced the flock's integrands. Max, Nudge, Fang, Angel, Gasman and Iggy... those were some funny names.

'_Just try to keep your cool and think of an escape plan._' She thought, determined.

"Stop zoning out while we're talking to you!" Fang shouted annoyed.

"Oh, sorry." The nation apologized. "What were you saying?"

"I was asking- "

"Who are you? How did you get here? Were you kidnapped? Where are you from? Do you have any kind of special ability?" Nudge cut him off, bombing the country with questions. Macedonia widened her eyes and raised her hand, an amusing expression on her face.

"Whoa, whoa, one thing at the time, little girl." She laughed. "My name is Ma-Annika Petrovska, I indeed was kidnapped by some white-coats weirdos, and I guess I don't have any 'special ability'. 'If being a country doesn't count as one' was the silent continuation of the sentence.

"Okay then, 'Annika', you didn't answered where are you from" Max inquired, a suspicious tone in her voice while directing it to the nation.

Damn it, they noticed the slight slip-off. She shrugged it off, trying to focus on her escape plan. "I came from a far away country, with beautiful fields of red flowers where people like to dance until they get tired." She smiled proudly at the flock. "I'm from Macedonia."

"But why are you here in England?" Max asked.

Macedonia blinked. How was she going to explain? "Well, I came here for a work, you know? And to drop my brother off- " Macedonia stopped dead on her tracks. The nation finally noticed the lack of shouting and laughing. "Where is Alexei? She barely managed to breathe out, frantically looking around for the raven-black haired boy. "Where is my brother?!"

~ Flock POV ~

"I can sense some minds coming this way." Angel interrupted, closing her eyes and rubbing her temples. A string of swears came out of Annika's mouth, some in Serbian, some in Macedonian and some even in Turkish. Two scientists, a male and a female, opened the large doors in the end of the hall with a cart carrying a smaller cage than Annika's and the flock's.

"The director's going to be very happy with the new subjects we found." The woman chattered, pushing the cart down the aisle. The man nodded, going through the board he had in his hands.

"Yes! They are very different from normal human beings" he started. "No DNA, abnormally fast healing properties, super strength... This is crazy! It's exactly what they needed." He cackled.

"We already have one of them, now two more!" The woman laughed excitedly.

No DNA... Fast healing properties... Normal human beings weren't like that. Still, they could have been experimented on, but Max was sure that wasn't true. Something surely was fishy. The two people quickly left, still discussing about the new 'discoveries'.

"Argh..." A childlike voice groaned. It came from the newly dropped dog crate next to the brunette. A small boy was curled up in a ball, the large red clothes he was using looked too big on him and a small black hat was thrown in the back of his cell. His long, pitch black hair was messy and he used black shorts with some type of white pantyhose and black snickers. He shot his brown eyes open and sat up, instantly facing his sister.

"Alexei! Are you okay?" The girl clung to the bars of her cage, pressing her face against it to see better.

"_Sestra_, where are we? What is this place?" He asked in a frightened voice. Max noticed both of them had a thick Russian-like accent.

"I don't really know, but we are getting out of here. Now." And with a determined look on her face, she took a deep breath and punched the cell bars, instantly breaking them. Max and the flock stared at the girl dumbfounded, who made her way to Alexei's cage. Without much effort she wrenched his cell bars and quickly picked him up, only to put the kid on the ground again. The brothers looked at each other, as if silently communicating through thoughts. Then, they both slammed their fists through the flock's cages and easily destroyed them.

"What are you waiting for? Come on!" Alexei motioned for the group to follow him. "I saw an exit earlier today."

"How did you do that?" Gazzy asked gaping. How could a little kid, probably a bit older than him, twist metal bars? Yes, his strength levels were above average, but it wasn't like he could destroy special crates or anything.

"Let's get moving." Max shook her head, refraining from trying to understand that freaky situation.

The group ran down several halls, passing by dozens of rooms filled with mutants, which only made Max's heart ache from knowing she wouldn't be capable of saving them. They arrived in a huge room with several windows, without any other door other than the one they had just passed.

"It seems this is the end of the line" Fang said, looking around. The flock could easily fly out and that would be it, but what would Annika and Alexei do? They didn't have wings or any type of ability that let them levitate, so what would it be?

"But what about you?" Nudge asked, worried about the well-being of the two siblings.

"We will be just fine, trust me." Annika winked. She proceeded to crash the window, making a hole large enough for them to pass through. The alarms immediately went off, ringing loudly through the building. Even though the bells were almost deafening, Max and her flock could hear hurried steps getting closer and closer to the area

that they were.

"What are you doing?" A female lab-coat screeched. A bunch of scientists and Erasers burst through the large doors, startling the nations and the mutants. "Get back to your cages this instant!"

"Come at me, you fucker!" Annika raised her arms and flipped her off. The scientist gritted her teeth and shouted a command for the Erasers to lurch at them.

"This is your cue. Now go." Macedonia and Alexei started pushing the flock through the window.

"But-" Max started, but was shoved through the window.

"Go." Annika said grimly. The blonde girl hesitantly motioned to the flock to follow her, even if she didn't want to. She wanted the two siblings to come with them, to live. Not to be experimented on and possibly murdered. But she still went away with her family.

~ Country POV ~

"Kosovo, do you trust me?" Macedonia asked quietly, watching the waves of Erasers and scientists come at them.

"More than anything, _sestra_." Kosovo nodded.

"Then hug me tight and whatever happens, don't let go, do you understand?" The older nation asked, looking into the younger one's eyes. He nodded and wrapped his arms and legs around his sister's body.

And they jumped.

3. Conference Crashers

~Flock POV~

>Max dragged the flock away uneasily. She wasn't sure whether the two siblings were going to be okay or not, since they didn't have wings. Max decided to look back and at least check on them.
Only to see two bodies falling off the edge of the 12th floor of a 15-story building and a group of Erasers shooting at them.

>Max shrieked, making the flock turn to see what was happening.
Nudge shrieked and Angel covered her eyes, while Fang widened his and hurried to cover Gazzy's. Iggy couldn't quite understand why the flock suddenly had stopped talking. They saw the duo fall off the 12th floor smiling like nothing was wrong, and hit the ground hard with a muffled thud. And they weren't moving. At all.

>"Oh my God..." Nudge couldn't really form a sentence. She had just witnessed a supposed suicide, she had the rights to be shocked. "M-Max... A-Are they..."
But the leader couldn't process anything.

>"I... I..." Max shook her head. "Let's just go", she sighed.
The flock turned away uneasily, a heavy silence had fallen on the group. Nobody dared say a word, wanting to forget the fall as soon as possible.

>~ Country POV ~
"Sestra?" Kosovo sat up.

>"I'm alive." Macedonia announced, putting her hand over her forehead. "Are you okay, Kosovo?"
"I sprained my ankle, but I think that's all." He moved his leg a bit, wincing in pain. "I'll be fine in no time, you'll see."

>"Can you at least walk?" The older nation questioned, heading to where the younger one was.
"It's not that bad." Alexei scoffed. He took his cellphone out of his pocket and gave it to his sister. "Call Spain, maybe he can get us out of here."

>"Good idea." Annika nodded and started to dial Antonio's number. After a few explanations, some yells from Romano's part and some excited cheers from Feli's part, Spain agreed to pick them up.
~ Country POV /in the car~

>"WHO THE FUCK LET ROMANO DRIVE THIS CAR?!" Macedonia screeched while gripping tightly in one of the car's seats. They were currently late for the World Meeting that was being held, because Macedonia had to drop Kosovo off at Albania's hotel and he didn't want to get out of the car.
Macedonia (and all the other countries) had received a text from England, hurrying them to the Conference Room earlier that morning at his place. That Meeting was scheduled to be later in that month, but maybe England wanted to anticipate it.

>'Something really bad must have happened for Iggy to call us in such short notice' The girl thought, worried about her friend. Romano interrupted her thoughts by making a turn and almost hitting a dog. Almost. 'Our Father who is in heaven, hallowed be your name...' , Annika frantically prayed for them not to die in their way to the conference. 'PLEASE LET US MAKE IT OUT OF HERE ALIVE!'
The situation in the car was rather funny, if you could consider a foul-mouthed Italian, a way too cheerful Spaniard, an absent-minded Italian and a screeching Macedonian almost hitting every living being in the way (read: on the sidewalk) funny.

>"Calm down, we're going to be okay." Italy smiled calmly, completely oblivious to the situation.
"Shut up, shut up, shut up." Annika closed her eyes and clung even tighter to the seat. 'I think I'm going to throw up...'

>"Stupida ragazza." Romano muttered, slamming on the brakes. The car spun and spun until it stopped in front of the building of the World Conference.
"Remind me of never entering the same vehicle as Romano again." Macedonia stumbled out of the van clutching her stomach tightly and fighting the urge to throw up right there. "How do you even have a driver's license?"

>"I don't." Romano smirked, receiving a glare from the brunette girl. They quickly entered the building, being the last ones to arrive in the meeting.
"You are late." Germany stated, annoyed by the four nations' delay.

>"Five minutes is not that much..." Macedonia muttered under her breath, glad for at least being capable of walking to her chair without falling on the process.
Germany huffed. He already was annoyed with the large amount of loud countries running around, now he had to deal with four more of them. "I call England to the podium."

>Arthur stood up and hurried to the podium. He did seem really worried , and maybe he would talk about it. He looked at his fellow countries, hoping someone in special would arrive.
"I've called this emergency meeting to talk about something really important. As you know, America has been missing for the past three days, and strange things have been happening in his land. I contacted an acquaintance of mine and he said it was being caused by supernatural creatures, demons more specifically." England paused, verifying if he still had the attention of the countries. Some shuffled uncomfortably in their chairs, but most of them stared at him with concern and

attention in their look. They couldn't say anything, since they had their own beliefs. He decided to continue. "He offered the help of two people specialized on the area. Now, I don't know if they are aware of the situation, but we should at least be prepared. I'll divide you in groups, so we could work faster. Don't trust anyone that knows that you're are personifications, and when around the hunters, only refer to your partners in your human names."

>"And how are we supposed to believe in those kinds of things, England?" Germany asked annoyed. He wasn't expecting that. "This is an absurd."
"You should." England retorted grimly. "It's America we're talking about. Who knows what kinds of things he has in his territory?"

>Before Germany could reply, two things happened at the same time. Six winged teenagers crashed through the windows, spreading glass shards through the carpet and almost cutting some of the countries legs. Two big men burst through the door, both in suits and armed. One of them had shoulder-length brown hair and was taller than the other one, who had short blonde hair and green eyes.
'Holy shit, six kids just flied through the windows. And they have wings!'
Macedonia thought in disbelief. Even being an ancient country, she had never witnessed such things in her life. Suddenly, something clicked in the back of her mind. 'Wait a minute... is that-'

>"FBI, nobody move!" The blonde man yelled, interrupting Macedonia's thoughts and pointing his gun at the delegates.
"Bloody hell." England muttered, mentally facepalming at the scene. Were those the hunters Crowley had recommended? The demon did warned him the brothers were a bit... fussy when making subtle entrances, but he didn't think it was that much. He took a step forward, attracting the attention of the nations.

>The two men looked at each other and raised an eyebrow at the large group of nations and unconscious kids on the floor.
"Where is Arthur Kirkland?" The brunette demanded, observing the crowd cautiously. He still hadn't noticed the winged kids on the floor, like Dean had.

>"Who wants to talk to him?" The British man asked warily. He had to make sure they were the right people.
"Agents Paige and Plant." The brunette explained showing his badge along with his brother, a grim look on his face.

>"Cut the crap, I know you're not from the FBI." England snapped. "Did you really think I wouldn't know what Led Zeppelin is?" 'It's from my bloody capital.', he thought.
The two men were taken back by that reply. Nobody had ever recognized their fake surnames, that was a first. They looked at each other, silently deciding if they should open up or not.

>"I am Sam and this is Dean Winchester. An acquaintance of ours told us to look for him." The brunette answered hesitantly. Arthur smirked.
"Very well." He replied in a condescending tone. "I'm the one you're looking for."

>~ Hunter POV minutes before ~

>Sam and Dean walked around the building in front of them. Crowley had sent the two boys to this gigantic premise for some reason. They had to find... what was his name again? Oh yeah, Arthur Kirkland. The demon had described him as a blonde guy with messy hair, emerald eyes and really thick eyebrows.
"You ready?" Dean asked his younger brother. As soon as Sam nodded, they started walking towards the building. They went up until the 30th floor, and walked all the way to the last door of the corridor. That door - that entire part of the wall, actually - was different from the rest of the hallway, being made of a special material to block any sound from the corridor or from the inside.

>However, they could still hear muffled sounds coming from the other side of the wall. Sam approached his ear to the door, trying to hear what exactly the people there were saying.
"IRELAND, GIVE MY HAT BACK!" Somebody, probably a kid, shouted, followed by somebody else's cackling.

>"SEALAND, DON'T YOU DARE USE MY SHOTGUN!" Another male yelled, and the sound of hurried steps were heard. Sam and Dean wondered how could someone get through security without having anything apprehended. Then again, they were with guns.
Their thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a gunshot and a child's giggling.

>Immediately the two brothers kicked the door open and pulled out their own guns. Only to see complete chaos unraveling.
"Oh Norge~" An energetic strawberry blonde guy in a black trench coat happily called another man, who had fairer hair with a cross-shaped pin. The second one proceeded to choke the first man with his tie, as another two men hurried to stop him.

>A child using a sailor suit was running freely with a black shotgun in his hands, while a blonde man with a camouflaged uniform and another blonde man using a light blue uniform and a white hat chased him.
A few people were listening carefully to what a man with bushy eyebrows had to say. How they managed to listen him over that complete chaos, the Winchesters didn't know.

>An albino man was yelling animatedly with a brown haired man covered in what looked like tomato sauce, about 'awesomeness', when suddenly a lady with long light brown hair whacked him over the head with a frying pan. Sam and Dean winced involuntarily, while a brunette man with glasses and purple tuxedo just shook his head as if he had seen it happen far too often.
They both shook their heads and pulled out their guns, pointing to the people. Before they could do anything, six teenagers crashed through the window. Six winged teenagers, may I add. Dean and Sam widened their eyes in surprise. More angels? Did that mean they would have to stop a second apocalypse or something messed up like that?

>"FBI, nobody move!" Dean yelled recomposing himself. The people turned to him, stopping fights and arguments to look at the two brothers with wide eyes.
"Bloody Hell." Dean heard somebody mutter from the corner of the room.

>"Where is Arthur Kirkland?" Sam proceeded to ask, not taking his eyes away of the crowd. Then, the man with thick eyebrows that had been wrestling with the blonde Frenchman got out of his grip and stood up.
"Who wants to talk to him?" He asked, dusting his clothes off.

>"Agents Paige and Plant." Sam lied, showing him his badge together with Dean.
"Cut the crap, I know you're not from the FBI. Did you really think I wouldn't know what Led Zeppelin is?" He snapped. By his tone, the brothers could notice the British man was annoyed. What followed next was silence. From the people in the room and the Winchesters.

>'We should tell him the truth.', Sam's look said. Dean only rolled his eyes.
'But-' Dean started to protest

>'Dean.' Sam shot a glare to his older brother, only seeing him roll his eyes again, allowing the younger one to speak.
"We are Sam and Dean Winchester." Sam started. "An acquaintance of ours told us to look for him." The crowd began to whisper, looking to the man with green clothes. He made a slight gesture, making them stay quiet again.

>"Very well. I'm the one you're looking for." He simply said. Sam and Dean looked at him, to his crumpled clothes and messy hair. He couldn't be the "English gentlemen" Crowley had told them to

look.
"You are Arthur Kirkland?" Dean pointed to him. "You are the guy that will help us?"

>"Oh. So you also know what happened." He said before being interrupted by incoherent mumble.
"Ughâ€|" Somebody groaned.

>"Hey guys, I don't want to interrupt your 'girls talk', but we need some help over here." The lady with the frying pan called from the end of the room.
The three men hurried to the place with the scattered glass shards.

>"What happened?"
"You and your friends crashed through the window." Austria said, fixing his glasses.

>"Are you okay?" Macedonia kindly asked, reaching out to them. Max widened her eyes when she saw her face.
"Annika?" Max breathed in surprise. "How areâ€| How are you even alive?"

>Annika stirred completely. She was good at lying, but preferred not to. Though, she had the tendency to crack under pressureâ€|
"What are you talking about? I've always been alive!" She replied, rolling her eyes and smiling. Not convincing.

>"You fell off the 12th floor of a building and you're alive!" Nudge exclaimed. "That's not normal. I mean, even we would die if we fell off that building without opening our wings, and we are not considered normal too, but you get my point-"
"Enough!" Germany yelled. "We are here for an important meeting, and I ask all of you that aren't world delegates to withdraw."

>Max's eyes seemed to sparkle.
"Wait, world delegates?" Max asked hopeful. "So you can help us!"

>"Wait, what?" England interrupted. "We can't help with anything, dear, I'm sorry." England responded.
"But wait you didn't even hear me out-"

>"Someone needs to go with them. They are hurt and need assistance." Germany interfered, pushing the flock out of the room. "Elizabeta and Roderich, please accompany them to our infirmary." The woman and the man quickly nodded and went to help the flock.
~Flock POV~

>"This sucks." The gasman said frustrated while kicking the floor. "We need to get there somehow."
Iggy suddenly had an idea. "We should-"

>"-Do something that doesn't involves explosions." Fang cut Iggy off.
He frowned. "I was not going to say that! I mean we should demand them some attention."

>"Like entering and refusing to get out?" Nudge stopped looking at her nails.
"Yeah, like that! Since this is a meeting, they must be able to do something about the School." Iggy reasoned.

>"You're right." Max agreed. "In the count of three we will enter that place. One..."
Fang looked at her "Twoâ€|"

>"Three!" The flock charged into the closed door, but they were stopped by two figures opening the door.
"Where do you think you're going?" the lady of the frying pan blocked the passage, together with the man with the weird curl and glasses.

>"Uh, we're entering the meeting?" Gazzy said as if it was obvious, while Iggy tried to cover his mouth.
"You're not going anywhere. Ludwig asked Elizabeta and I to take care of you. Now let's go to the infirmary." Roderich said as he pushed the children down the hall.

End
file.